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Poor boy! no father's eye meets thine,
 No breast to sympathize, save mine;
 A trembling asp I stand alone,
 None to approve, if duty's done.
 Then, ah! no longer wonder why
 The widow's lonely heart should sigh.

DELIA.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Translated from the French.

TWAS in a garden sweet and gay,
 A beauteous boy rov'd with delight,
 Before him in a rich display
 Of colours glittering in the ray,
 A butterfly attracts his sight.

From flower to flower the fickle thing
 In many a sportive ringlet flies,
 And seems so lovely on the wing,
 No weariness the chase can bring,
 Though vainly the pursuit he tries.

Now on a pink in balmy rest
 He hopes to make the prize his own;
 Now in a rose's fragrant breast
 He thinks its flight he shall arrest,
 But, lo! again the wanton's flown.

Yet still the chase no toil can bring;
 Though vainly the pursuit he tries;
 So tempting seems the lovely thing
 Thus seen at distance on the wing,
 Still glittering in his ardent eyes.

And now his hopes to tantalize,
 Behold it on a myrtle near!
 Next on a violet bank it lies—
 He steals and with his hat he tries
 To cover the gay flutterer here.

But all in vain each art and wile
 To catch the beauteous playful thing;
 Yet still he disregards his toil,
 Its beauties still his pains beguile,
 Thus seen before him on the wing.

At last the flutterer he espies,
 Half buried in a tulip's bell,
 He grasps the flower in glad surprise—
 Within his grasp the insect dies!—
 His vain regrets, his tears now tell.

Thus pleasure that gay butterfly,
 In prospect cheers the mind;
 But if too eagerly we clasp,
 It perishes within our grasp,
 And leaves a sting behind.

DELIA.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

"O madam, there are moments in which
 we live years: moments that steal the roses

from the cheek of health, and plantest
 furrows in the brow of care."

WHEN jostling with a world of care,
 And struggling to sustain my part,
 At times a prey to black despair,
 I say, within this aching heart,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

The freezing look by grandeur dealt,
 The cold salute of heartless pride,
 When, weakly sensitive, I've felt
 Within my wounded mind, I've cried
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Or when neglect with blighting power,
 Has apathized the sinking heart,
 In that forlorn, deserted hour,
 I've cried, "O life with thee I'd part,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But, ah! when musing on the grave,
 Where those I love have sunk to rest,
 Distracted then in thought I rave,
 And sigh within this tortured breast,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Fancy with all her dreams has fled,
 To me the world has nought to give,
 Even hope within my heart is dead,
 Then wherefore should I wish to live?
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Even now, my mental gloom redoubling,
 By care and grief at once oppressed—
 To "where the wicked cease from trou-
 bling,
 And the weary are at rest."
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 There would I flee away, and be at rest."

DELIA.

SELECTED POETRY.

BY A PRISONER.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose
 restless mind,
 Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd,
 confin'd;
 Learn how each want that heaves our mu-
 tual sighs,
 A woman's soft solicitude supplies.
 From her white breast, retreat all rude al-
 larms;
 Or fly the magic circle of her arms,